THE Present State OF THE Court of *FRANCE*, AND CITY of *PARIS*: IN A Letter from Monsieur *M****, To the HONOURABLE *MATTHEW PRIOR* Esq; One of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Customs.

Made *English* from the Original *French*.

LONDON:
Printed for *E Curll*, at the *Dial and Bible* against St. *Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-street*, 1712. (Price 1 *s.*)

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SIR,

'TIS now almost half-a-score Years that I've been at *Paris*, and yet do not well know the Town.

Do not believe that the Pleasures which are infinite in this *Great Babylon* have hindred me from informing my self; on the contrary, these same Pleasures are what have given me an extreme desire to know it.

For ſo long a time I have had no occaſion for a Phyſician, becauſe I have had no Sickneſs. I ſhould bluſh with ſhame, if, having paſs'd Thirty Years, I ſhould ſeek after *that ſort* of Philoſophers. The Craftieſt of Emperors was amaz'd, to ſee Men after *that Age* deſirous of a *Second* to conflict with the Ills of the Body, and to preſerve their Health. But when I have affirm'd that I never yet had a Vein open'd, the Chyrurgeons of *France* could not believe me, without firſt ſeeing me naked.

You who know my way of Living, and my Inclinations, may imagine how I live here.

Commonly in a Morning, I riſe with the Sun, But that Great Luminary does not ſuffer himſelf to be ſeen often, which cauſes him to be here in greater Veneration than are the Kings of *China* in their Empire, ſince he paſſes half the Year as if he were inviſible. I am always waken'd very early; the Crowing of Cocks opens my Eyes, and the noiſe of Men and Horſes force me to ſhake off ſlumber. My principal Pleaſure when I don't write is to read, or to read and write together.

Having

Having finiſh't the Study of the Morning, which is the *Motion of the Mind*, I begin the Motion of the Body, and do not find a greater Diverſion than *Walking*. In good Weather I repair to the Fine Long Allées, under the ſhade of Trees: We call this in *French*, *ſe promener*, taking a Walk, an Exerciſe which the *Turks* can't endure, and which appears ridiculous to the *Aſiatics*: Thus I make ſeveral Miles every Day without Travelling. For this purpoſe, the King maintains, in favour of the Idle, the fineſt Garden in *Europe*.

At Night I go to Bed as late as I can. I examine my ſelf upon all my Actions of the Day paſt, to render an account thereof to my ſelf, then I pray to God that he would cloſe my Eye in the Night, to open it me in the Morning.

My Neceſſities of Food, Bedding, and Apparel are ever the ſame. I covet no Meats which are eaten by People more delicate or richer than my ſelf. When I go out of the Palaces of the Great Ones, I am not aſhamed of entring into my own little Retreat. Cloth of Gold and Silver would not

better cover my Body than does a Suit of Wool. If I have ſcarcity of any thing, I look for it in the Books of *Seneca* ; *Would ye be rich* ? *Deſire nothing.* I abſtain from every thing that is dear, and which cannot be bought without Repentance. With this moderation, I ſtarve Voluptuouſneſs to death, and if ſometimes the Fleſh revolts, the Avarice of the Sex ſerves for a Remedy to its Rebellion. I had rather make love to *Suſannah* than to *Dalilah* ; and I do not willingly give my Hairs, unleſs I cut 'em off my ſelf.

As it is more difficult to be a *Zenocrates*, than to *ſeem* ſo, We ſhall ſtill be Men, ſo long as there are Women ; and our beſt way is to make Pleaſure ſubſervient to Our ſelves, and not Our ſelves to it.

Foreigners are welcome in this Country, provided they beg nothing. All they have to do here, is to Divert themſelves, and ſome of them to carry away the Soot from Chimneys, which is the priviledge of the *Savoyards*, who are ſeen in the Streets blacker than *Ethiopians*, and more ſtinking than *a Synagogue.*

As

As for other things, I play'd the *Wiſeman*, and ſometimes the *Fool*, which is no ſmall Secret to get oneſelf belov'd by *all* People. I have written, nay Printed, and have met with applauſe from the Throne to the Threſhing-Floor. The King gave me a Penſion, and the War hath taken it from me. The Great Ones honoured me with their Words; and the Men of Letters with Incenſe and Smoak. The Women preſs'd me to write new Books, but I could not make one Word for them, unleſs when I was amorous, then, my Muſe, who knows nothing of Singing, has made Verſes more tender than thoſe of *Guarini*.

As in this Country there is a continual and large Expence, unleſs a Man has two Guardian-Angels, one for the *Body*, and another for the *Purſe*; what with one's own *Senſuality*, and other's *Covetouſneſs*, a Man is firſt reduced to his Shirt, and then carried to an Hoſpital. If I ceaſe to have what I've ſpent, I find my ſelf poſſeſt of a new Acquiſition, which I had not, *I am become Flatterer*. A Man muſt praiſe *every thing* here and that *always*, and the

the *Bad* things more than the *Good* Ones; nay, to live in Peace with the young People, one is conſtrain'd to applaud even Vice. I wag'd no War, but againſt *Hypocriſy*, not being able to ſuffer to ſee *God* and *Men* cheated, to honour the *Devil*. I made my ſelf a Doctor in Compliments, eſpecially in *Begging of Pardon*; and theſe ſort of Ceremonies are more trivial in *France*, than Sighs are common in *Italy*: *The Friendſhips*, *The Promiſes*, *The offers of Service*, are here of the nature of Nightingales, *Vox*, *Vox*, *prætereaq*; *nihil*. There is no Compliment made, nor Civility done without a Pardon begg'd. After this, you may well believe Injuries are excus'd, and if any body ſhou'd remember an Affront, he wou'd be no *bon François*.

As for *Paris*, I know not where to begin to take the Picture of the Town, whoſe Inhabitants are lodg'd even upon the Bridges of the River, and upon the Tops of the Houſes; and where the Women, who breed none but Bravo's, command more than the Men. This Great City is the Seat of Tumult; and ſince you are deſirous of ſome Deſcription of it,

it, I ſhall begin with the Perpetual Motion that reigns here Day and Night.

Hackny-Coaches.

When *Nero*'s Preceptor wrote of the Tranquility of Life, I believe he took the Subject of it from the Hackny-Coaches of his time, by oppoſing *Quiet* to be continual *Noiſe* they made at *Rome*.

Of Hackny-Coaches there are here an infinite Number, founder'd and cover'd with Dirt, and only made to kill the Living. The Horſes which draw 'em, eat as they go, like thoſe which carried *Seneca* into the Country, ſo meagre are they, and out of Fleſh. The Coachmen are ſo bruitiſh, and have ſuch whore-ſon frightful Voices, and the cracking of their Whips, augments the Noiſe after ſo horrible a manner, as if all the Furies were in motion to make a Hell of *Paris*. This cruel ſort of Carriage is paid by the Hour, a Cuſtom invented to abridge the Days, in a time when Life is ſo ſhort.

Noiſe

Noiſe of Bells, &c.

Then, the great Number of Prodigious Bells, hung up in a multitude of Tours, with their lamentable Clangors deprive the firſt Region of the Air of its Tranquility, whether to call the *Living to Prayers*, or *the Dead to Reſt*. Thus the Ears pay dear for the innocent Pleaſures which all the reſt of the Members of the Body may take.

If heretofore an Emperor had the Folly to judge of the Extent of *Rome*, by weighing all the Cobwebs, which he caus'd to be gather'd from the Circuit of that Great City, the Extent of *Paris* might be meaſured with ſtronger Reaſon, by the extreme Number of Lackeys, Horſes, Dogs, Petty-foggers, and Pick-pockets that are there; theſe ſort of Folk made a third Part of this Great People.

The Cries of Paris.

Add hereunto the Howlings and Cries of all thoſe who trudge about the Streets, to ſell Herbs, Milk, Fruit, Rags, Sand, Brooms,

Brooms, Fiſh, Water, and a thouſand other Neceſſaries for Life; and I don't believe there's any Man in the World who is born Deaf, wou'd be ſo much an Enemy to himſelf, as to be willing to receive his Hearing at the Price of ſo Diabolical a Din.

The Blind.

The Privation of Sight is here much honoured. I never ſaw ſo great a Number of Blind People. they'll go ye thro' the whole City without a Guide, ſeveral of 'em together, among a multitude of Waggons, Coaches, Horſes, with the ſame ſecurity, as if they had Eyes at their Feet. They abide all together in a great Houſe call'd, *l' Hôpital des Quinze-vingts*, where they are kept with the People's Alms, in memory of 300 *French* Gentlemen, whoſe Eyes were dug out heretofore by a Sultan of *Egypt*. They wed, have Children, and make merry. Above all, they fail not in Churches to torment the Faithful, beging Alms with a Copper-pot in one Hand, and a Staff in the other, and with a Voice as loud, as if Chriſtians were thoſe ſame

Statues which the Cynic of *Athens* formerly begg'd to grant him Patience.

The Houſes, &c.

The Houſes here ſeem rather built by *Philoſophers* than *Architects*, ſo clumſy are they without, but well enough adorn'd within. Yet they have nothing rare but the Magnificence of Tapiſtry, wherewith the Walls are cover'd, it not being the Cuſtom in *France* to embelliſh 'em with Sculpture.

The Great Men diſtinguiſh themſelves by their Averſion from doing any thing to ſerve others, and by a great Number of Beaſts and Animals with two Legs, who follow them continually, when they are drawn in their Coaches: The Horſes have the precedence of the Lackys, being the Mode here to place 'em behind the Coach in Troops, erect upon their Feet, like the *Rhodian Coloſſus*, and cluſter'd indecently together, as if they were entring the City of *Pentapolis* in Triumph.

The

The Inns, &c.

It is not exaggerating to ſay, that all *Paris* is a great Inn. Eating-houſes and Taverns are ſeen every where; the Kitchins are ſmoking every Hour, becauſe they are eating every Hour: To Break-faſt, and to eat all Day is the ſame thing in *France*. The *French* indeed love not the Spices of the *Eaſt*, not that they deſpiſe thoſe rich Seaſoners, but becauſe they being the Delights of the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, they will not imitate other Nations, not even in things that are good.

They do nothing niggardly; their Tables are always plentiful; they never eat alone: They love drinking ſmall Draughts, and often, and they never drink without inviting their Gueſts to do the like.

The People.

The common People never get drunk but on Holy-days, when they do nothing elſe; but on Working-days they labour with Aſſiduity. There is not a People in the World more induſtrious,

and who make ſo little of it, becauſe they give every thing to their Belly and to their Back, and yet they are always content.

Luxury, &c.

Luxury is here in ſuch exceſs, that, to enrich 300 deſert Towns, it might be done by deſtroying *Paris*. You ſee there glittering, an infinite Number of Shops, which ſell only things of no uſe, judge of the Number of others for furniſhing things Neceſſary.

The River *Seine* paſſes thro' the Heart of the City; it brings with it every thing ſufficient to nouriſh a Million of People; its Waters are calm and ſalutary. Man and Beaſt drink of it, but they are always bought, whether they be clear, or whether they be muddy. What I think unjuſt, is, that a Pail of Water ſhall be of the ſame Price when the River is *high*, as when it is *ſhallow*.

Things neceſſary for Life are ſeen in abundance, and in all Parts of the City. *Themiſtocles* might have found in every Street of *Paris* the three Towns which the King of *Perſia* gave him, one for Bread,

Bread, and the other two for Wine and Apparel. Every thing is taken here in the ſame place, for Neceſſity and for Pleaſure; the laſt being as much look't after as the firſt. So much power over Men, have Things vain and uſeleſs.

Altho' it Rains not, yet one cannot help often walking in Dirt; for, all the Filth is caſt into the Streets, and the Vigilance of the Magiſtrates ſuffices not to keep 'em clean, yet the Women never go out any where now but in their Slippers. Formerly the Men could not walk at *Paris* but in Buskins, which made a *Spaniard* ask, ſeeing them in that Equipage the Day of his arrival, *Whether the whole City were ſetting out Poſt or no?*

There are ſeveral Bridges on the River, ſome of Wood and others of Stone; there are ſome of them with a great many good Houſes built upon 'em, and ſeveral Shops full of valuable Merchandize. But the *Pont-neuf* appears more worthy of the *City* than of the *River*; it is ſupported by a Dozen great Arches of maſſy Stone, it is large and noble; and 'tis there chiefly, that the Coaches, Horſes, Waggons and People are Night and Day in a perpetual hurry. In the middle you

ſee

ſee the Equeſtral Statue of *Henry* the Great, rais'd upon a magnificent *Piedeſtal*, majeſtic and worthy of ſo great a King; it ſeems, as if the Braſs, cold as it is, yet breaths the martial Ardor of that warlike Prince, ſo lively has the Workman repreſented him.

The Women.

The Women here love little Dogs with an extream Paſſion, and careſs 'em with as much Fondneſs, as if they were of the Race of the Dog that follow'd *Toby*. The Women are the *Fineſt* and *Vglieſt* Appurtenance of the City, becauſe *handſome Ones* are very ſcarce, but they ſurpaſs in *Agreeableneſs* all the Women of the World, which gives 'em a facility in perſwading, in gaining all to themſelves, and of never loſing any thing. They have alſo the priviledge of commanding their Husbands, and obeying no body. The Liberty of this Sex is here greater than that enjoy'd in the Country by the *Arabians*, who never lie down in the Evening in the ſame Place whence they 'roſe in the Morning. They are equally Cunning and

and Eloquent; they vend Goods publickly, in Shops, and elſewhere, and yield not to the Men either in the Art of Accounting, or in that of driving a Bargain and ſelling dear even the things that ſtick upon their Hands.

Such of the Women who value themſelves upon being Learned, give quarter to no body; and when they have in their Head the Maxims of *Amintas*, &c. there is not a *Zenocrates* ſevere enough, not to ſuffer himſelf to be perſwaded. Some of 'em viſit *Parnaſſus* in company of Poets; and as Ignorance even of things unneceſſary is condemn'd here, almoſt all the Women pride themſelves in having had Maſters to teach them, and in coming from *ſuch* or *ſuch* a School. Thus, there are ſome of 'em who write and make Books; the Wiſeſt make Children, and the moſt Pious comfort the afflicted; the Sobereſt eat as many times a Day as the Muſſulmen make their Prayers, being the Cuſtom of the Country to ſalute the riſing Sun with Loaf in Hand.

They all dreſs with a great deal of Genteelneſs; they are ſeen every Hour; they love the Converſation of gay Peo-

ple,

ple, they go thro' the City as they pleaſe their doors are always open to thoſe who have once been within 'em. They hate no body, unleſs it be when they are rally'd upon thoſe things which *Lamia* gave *Demetrius* to underſtand were affronting to the Sex, that is to ſay, when a Man boaſts of— *what he does not do*, and when he does not *keep his Word with 'em.* In their Attire they often change the *Faſhion*, as they often change their *Faces.*

There are ſome of 'em, who when they go abroad, mind not to ſhut the Door, ſetting Thieves at defiance, becauſe they carry their whole Fortune upon their Backs. The Quality Trail behind 'em a long Tail of Gold or Silk, with which they ſweep the Churches and Gardens. All of 'em have the Priviledge of going maskt at all times, concealing or ſhewing themſelves when they pleaſe. With a Black-Velvet-Viſor they go ſometimes to Church as to a Ball or Play, unknown to *God* and their *Husbands.* The Faireſt command the Men, like Queens; their Husbands they command as Men, and their Lovers as Slaves. They know not what it is to give

give *Suck to their Children*; *to keep at Home*; *To Weave* Penelope's *Web*; they laugh at *Hercules*'s turning the Spinning-wheel; and living in this Liberty, they boaſt of bringing forth *Captains*, and *Men of Letters*, wherewith the Country abounds, there being here more *Soldiers* and *Doctors*, than are ſeen in the *Indies* and *Aſia*, *Idolaters* and *Aſtrologers*.

They eaſily give and receive Love, but they never Love long, nor enough. Marriages which us'd to be *for Life*, are now but *for a Time*; which makes, that voluntary Divorces are frequently found in Families the moſt reſerved, after which the Husband lives quiet in the Country, and the Wife takes her pleaſure at *Paris*.

There is hardly ever ſeen here a jealous Man, rarely a Man who thinks himſelf unfortunate for his Wife's Infidelity, and very rarely a Female who Sacrifices to *Diana*. A Kiſs, which in *Turky*, *Italy*, and *Spain*, is the beginning of Adultery, is nothing here but a bare Civility; and if the Gentil *Perſian*, who made ſo many myſterious Voyages three times to kiſs the beautiful *Cyrus*, had been at *Paris*, he would

have made no great Account of that ſort of Pleaſure. No Viſits are made without Kiſſing; but as this Kiſſing is like Coyn, valu'd as one will, or rather, being a ſort of Merchandize which coſts nothing, which wears not out, and which always is plentiful, no body is niggardly in giving it, and few covetuous to receive it.

Their Levity.

Levity is the Fifth Element of the *French*: They are all Lovers of Novelties, and they do all they can, *not to keep a Friend long.*

They accommodate at the ſame time to Hot and Cold. They invent every Day new Modes of Dreſſings, and weary of living in their own Country, you may ſee 'em ſometimes gadding into *Aſia*, ſometimes into *Africa*, ſome few into *Spain*, a great many into *Italy*, and a World of different Countries, only to change place, and to divert themſelves. Thoſe who cannot Travel, do by their *Houſes* as by their *Habits*, they often ſhift their Abode, *for fear* (ſay they) *we ſhould grow old in the ſame place.*

Their

Their Taylors.

Taylors have more trouble to *invent* than to *ſtitch*, and when a Suit has laſted the Life of a Flower, it appears decrepid. From hence is born a People call'd *Fripiers* (Brokers) vile Wretches, and deſcended from the ancient *Iſraël*: They make a trade of buying and ſelling old ſecond-hand Suits, and they live ſplendidly by *Stripping of ſome*, and *Cloathing others*. A Conveniency ſingular enough in a very populous City, where thoſe who are tired with wearing the ſame Habit long, may change it with moderate Loſs, and where others, who are bare, have the means of cloathing themſelves with ſmall Expence. In ſhort, what is moſt incredible, is, that if in one Day a Hundred Thouſand Clients ſhould be ſent naked out of the hands of the Attorneys, there are in this City Shirts and Suits enough to cover them.

The Language, &c.

The Idiom of the *French* is a noble Mixture of *Latin*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*:

It is agreeable only to thoſe who underſtand it well. They eat half their Words; they write not as they ſpeak, and they take a pleaſure in ſpeaking ſo as not to be underſtood; ſo rapid and precipitate is their manner of Pronouncing, tho' at preſent their Language is refin'd and harmonious.

As if it were tedious to talk of things *Preſent*, they always diſcourſe of the *Future*, rarely of the *Paſt*, and never of Antiquity. They take it to be a Vice in the *Spaniards*, to go to dig up diſtant Ages; and they hunt after nothing but new Books, young Horſes, and Friends born the ſame Day.

How to know a French-*man.*

You may know a true *French*-man by four things:

When the Clock ſtrikes.
When he asks a Queſtion.
When he makes a Promiſe.
When he talks of his Amours.

For, 1ſt, Scarce begins the Clock to ſtrike, but he asks, *Quelle heure iſt il?*

2. He

2. He would have his Friend make anſwer before the Queſtion's out of his own Mouth.

3. He performes nothing but what he do's *not* promiſe.

And 4thly, For his Amours, he has more Pleaſure in *Publiſhing* his Miſtreſſes Favours than in *Receiving* them.

If *Change of Weather* obliges the *French* to cloath themſelves with Wool in the Morning, and Silk after Dinner, the *Levity of their Humour* obliges them alſo to make to themſelves new ways of Living and Dreſſing.

Luxury and good Chear would be here rather Vertues than Vices, if only the Rich lived ſplendidly; but Emulation has made it paſs to others to whom it becomes ruinous. Thus it ſeems that *Paris* continually approaches to its End, if it be true what an Ancient hath ſaid, *That immoderate Expence is an evident Sign of a decaying City.* But now that the Footmen and Coachmen begin to wear Scarlet and Plumes of Feathers, and that Gold and Silver are become common even upon their Cloaths, 'tis like we ſhall ſee the End of exceſſive Luxury, there being nothing that can

make

make Noble Perſonages ſo much deſpiſe Gold Trimming, than to ſee it upon the Bodies of the loweſt Men in the World.

The King only is obey'd, and there is not a Great Man, but is complaiſant to the very leaſt. When you have rendred to the Maſter what is his due, for the reſt you may live *à la Grecque*. No body is obliged in the Streets to uncover before whomſoever, unleſs before *God when he is carrying to the Sick. The Dregs of the People enjoy the ſame Priviledge; they give the Way to no body; they ſuffer not the leaſt Affront, and they make themſelves more fear'd than People of Worth, not knowing what is done in Republicks, where a Thouſand Maſters command an Infinite Multitude of Slaves.

* *The Hoſtia.*

There is not a People more imperious and more hardy. They have given to themſelves the report *Of doing nothing in the Evening of what they promis'd in the Morning.* They ſay, They are the only Men in the World who are priviledged to break their Words, without fear of acting againſt Honour, and

and this, becauſe they believe themſelves the only Men in the World, *Who know how to enjoy true Liberty.*

Houſe-Rent.

Stone-walls are here at a very great Price. A ſmall Chamber goes at more than ten Houſes in *Muſcovy.*

Mine, where *Plato* wou'd not lodge, and where *Diogenes* himſelf would find nothing ſuperfluous, obliges me to an Expence which half a Score Cynics cou'd not maintain ; yet my whole Furniture conſiſts but in a moderate Tapiſtry, which hangs four thin Walls, a Bed, a Table, ſome Chairs, a Looking glaſs, and the King's Picture.

The Fruits.

Bad things are dearer than good Ones, the Figs are of this Number ; they ſell for more than Melons in *Spain.* Aſſuredly *Eve* wou'd never have diſobey'd God in the Paradice of *Armœnia,* if the forbidden Fruit had been One of theſe Figs ; but in exchange the Pears are excellent.

Oranges

Oranges and Limons hold the firſt Rank among things that are coſtly, becauſe they come from *Italy* and *Portugal*; and are more eſteem'd than other Fruits. Such is the Inclination of Man, who likes nothing ſo much as what coſts much.

The Wine:

Wine is at a moderate Price, when 'tis at the City-gates, but as ſoon as 'tis entred, it changes into *Aurum Potabile*.

A ſmall Meaſure ſells for more at *Paris*, than a Barrel in the Country.

The Rich find this Liquor dearer than others, who buy it by Retail in Taverns: Vintners are in ſo great Number, they would people a great City? They are almoſt all Saints, for the Virtue they have of increaſing this Liquor, by changing Water into Wine, that is, by making *Bacchus* an Adulterer.

The Trades-People.

If ever you come to *Paris*, take care how you ſet Foot in the Shops which ſell things of *no uſe*. As ſoon as the *Merchant* has given you a Deſcription of his Goods, with a Torrent of Words, he flatters you, invites you inſenſibly, and with a World of Reverences, to buy on him, and at length he talks ſo much he tires you and ſtuns you.

When one firſt comes into the Shop, he begins by ſhewing every thing one has no mind to, producing afrerwards what one wants: And then he ſays and does ſo many fine things, that you part with all your Money in taking the Goods he gives you at more than they're worth.

It is by this means they pay themſelves for their Civility and continual Pains they are at in ſhewing their things to no purpoſe, and an hundred times a Day to the Curious, who will ſee every thing without buying any thing. So that if things of no uſe are bought dearer than others, I muſt needs think

the *Roman* Cenſor in the right of it, to ſay, that *What coſt but an Half-penny is very dear, when it is not neceſſary.*

The Variety of Weather.

To Day Morning it rain'd, 'twas fair about Noon, afterwards it ſnow'd, and all of a ſudden aroſe a Storm with Rain, which laſted two Hours; at length the Air grew calm, and the Sun ſhew'd it ſelf, which hath concluded the Day pleaſantly. Such is the Climate of *Paris*, the Heat of the Evening ſucceeds the Cold of the Morning. The Elements are here in perpetual Motion, and the Seaſons almoſt always irregular, the Heaven never in repoſe, and its Influences ever unequal. There is no perſeverance *but in bad things*; above all, in Winter, which holds here eight Months, with all the ſeverities of that Seaſon ſucceeding one another, Rains, Snows, Hails, Froſts, Fogs, and dark Weather, which hides the Sun whole Months. 'Tis no ſuch wonder therefore if the *French* conforming to the Inconſtancy of their Climate are ſo Fickle and Capricious,

pricious, and that the Ladies wear at the ſame time a *Muff* in one hand and a *Fan* in th'other.

The Theatres, &c.

During *Lent*, the People run in the Morning to *Sermon* with great Devotion, and after Dinner to the *Comedy* with the ſame haſte. There are ſeveral Theatres, all continually open, to divert thoſe who love ſuch ſort of Spectacles. At one are preſented Opera's, and at the reſt comedies and Tragedies. Each Company ſtrives to draw moſt Spectators, but the Croud is found at the Theatre, where there's moſt laughing; for which reaſon, the *Italian* Comedians profited more by the People's Simplicity than the *French* Comedians.

Sollicitors, Quacks, Gameſters, Footboys, make one of the fineſt Ornaments at *Paris*.

The firſt teach us to forbear going to Law, for fear they ſhould ſwallow up our Eſtate by their Chicanry. The ſecond ought to warn us to live ſoberly, to the end we may not fall into

their Hands, to be kill'd before our time by their Preſcriptions. Gameſters excite our Vigilance in keeping our Eſtate: and Foot-boys have found the Secret to make us taſte the Pleaſure of ſerving our ſelves, *Not to have* (as the Lord ſaid) *Thieves in our own Houſe.* They ſay among themſelves, *That* German *Valets are their Maſters Camarades, the* Engliſh *Valets are Slaves, the* Italian *reſpectful,* Spaniſh *ſubmiſſive, but that they* (*meaning themſelves the* French *Valets*) *are the only ones who command their Maſters.* Their Inſolence is extreme, and the King has forbid their wearing of Canes, upon great Penalties; for they us'd to commit new Diſorders every Day, eſpecially being more than 100, 000, they were capable of committing any ſort of Riot.

The Courts of Judicature,

The Place where the Parliament aſſembles, makes a City in the middle of a City. This Place is only frequented by thoſe who defend their own Eſtate, or thoſe who covet

that of other People. *Diogenes* with his Lanthern would not find two Friends there nor a contented Man.

Attorneys.

They abound in all the Towns of *France*, but ſwarm *here* innumerably. They are a Kind of Men choſen to melt thoſe down who are too Fat, and to hinder the Lean ones from growing ſo. I fancy Princes ſuffer 'em only that they may keep up a Civil War againſt their Subjects, thro' a perſwaſion, that if they paſs'd not their Life in demanding at Law what belongs to 'em, and in uſurping what does not belong to them, the Regal Authority wou'd be in danger by their Intrigues and Buſtling.

When I enter the Great-Hall, I behold an infinite Multitude of People, red-hot, one half of 'em tormenting the other with obſtinate Conteſts for ſeveral years, maintain'd by the Diabolical Inventions of Practitioners. Their Robe is long and black, to ſhew how ominous it is to the World; they

they wear on their Heads a four corner'd Cap like Prieſts, and in this Attire they lead their Clients as ſo many Victims to the Altar of *Juſtinian*. Their Weapons are, the Tongue, the Pen, and the Purſe; with the two firſt they *defend* and *ruin* their Clients, and with the Purſe they *rifle* 'em; they never make an end of a Suit, but when the Parties have no more Money to carry it on. And when 'tis adjudg'd, there is nothing left to the Suiters but a heap of dirty Papers —— "*With magic Terms, and Figures dire inſcrib'd.*"

It is in this Field of Battle where the Father and Child, the Husband and Wife, the Maſter and Servant, combat one againſt another with Blows of Pen, with Menaces, with Injuries, Calumnies, and where are ſeen Extortions real, Depoſites deny'd, Theſts of Guardians, Tears of Widows and Orphans. When after many years ſome one gets his Cauſe, the *Victory* reduces him to *Beggary*.

This ſort of Contention, in my Opinion, hath ſomething in it very odd and whimſical.

Two Adverſaries ſolicite Day and Night the ſame Judge, the *One* to be left in his Shirt, and the *Other* to be left ſtark naked ; which Experience daily ſhews to be the upſhot of the Game.

Councellors.

In the Library of an Eminent Councellor, Books are as Fiſh in the Sea, whereof one Part devours the other.

A Million of Dead are drawn out in Batalia, ſome againſt others, to keep up Sedition in all the Families of the Living ; ſo oppoſite, doubtful, uncertain and variable are the Opinions of theſe Doctors, Interpreters of the Laws.

'Tis thus that the Laws of *Juſtinian*, and all other Princes, are corrupted, violated, or confounded, by theſe ignorant or malicious Interpreters, who know not the truth of the Law, or who take a pleaſure in finding out an unknown Senſe therein, little regarding that their ſubtle Interpretation

terpretation becomes the Source of infinite pernicious Diſputes.

The *Spaniſh* Proverb carries with it a great deal of Truth —— *He who commenceth a Law-ſuit, Planteth a Palm*, a Tree which never gives of its Fruit to him who ſets it.

The *Mahometans* are much happier, *their Clubs* decide more Cauſes in two Days, than all the *Doctors* in ſeveral Years.

The *Romans* could not agree upon the manner of building their Courts of Judicature. *Cato* was for having the Floor ſtuck with Spikes to tear the Feet of the *Litigious*. *Marcellus* on the contrary, would have it well covered againſt the Injuries of Weather, thereby to invite all People the more willingly to come and multiply their Conteſts.

The

The Phyſicians.

The Phyſicians here (as in all other Places of the World) ſometimes cure, and ſometimes kill their Patients.

When they come to a ſick Man, inſtead of *Diſcerning* his Diſtemper, they *Enquire* it out.

There is no Remedy ſo effectual to obtain a long Life, and a happy, as *To keep the Doctor at a Diſtance.*

A *Latin* Poet ſpeaking of a young *Roman*, who went to Bed in good Health, ſays, *That he dy'd ſuddenly in the Night, and that becauſe he had ſeen a Phyſician in his Sleep.*

What I think unjuſt, is, That the Fellow who *kills*, and he who *cures*, are fee'd alike, and that there's no Judge to be found to puniſh an ignorant *Quack.*

The Filoux, *Or, Pick-Pockets, &c.*

The moſt Dextrous Exerciſe is that of certain Thieves, which are here call'd *Filoux*, their Trade is more ſubtle than that of *Glauber* : If he hath ſhewn how to turn Lead into Gold, theſe can make Gold with Nothing : They ſteal with ſo much Addreſs, that were it not ſhameful to ſuffer one's ſelf to be robb'd, it would be a Pleaſure to be ſerv'd ſo, by Fellows ſo cunning and ſo clever at it. *Hercules* had never known who took his Oxen, if *Cacus* had been a *Filou de Paris*. To ſpeak truth, he that goes out in the Night, is in danger of finding himſelf naked as our firſt Parents ; and he who ſleeps in the Day, often makes *Ariſtotle* a Liar ; who ſaid, *There is no Vacuum in Nature*, for thoſe who are not watchful enough, find nothing left in their Coffers, nor their Houſes. Theſe *Filoux* are ever puniſh'd by the Juſtices, but

but it is when they are taken and do not do their Trade cleverly.

Beaſts are tamer here than in any Part of the World; no Serpents to be ſeen, nor ſcarce any ſort of venomous Creatures. What is wonderful, is to ſee how Horſes, the moſt high-ſpirited of Animals, do here loſe all their Pride, and become as gentle as the Aſſes of *Arcadia*. The *French* do e'en what they liſt with 'em, they almoſt bring 'em to kneel, as the *Turks* do the Camels of their Caravans. They beat 'em, they gueld 'em, and when they know no more how to torment 'em, they reduce 'em to the ſcoundrel Figure of a Monkey, by cutting off their Tail and Ears; whence comes the Proverb, *That* Paris *is a* Paradice *for Women, a* Purgatory *for Men, and a* Hell *for Horſes.*

The Devotion of the French.

I never ſaw *People* more devout, *Prieſts* more ſober, *Clergy* more orderly, and *thoſe under Vows* give a better Example.

The People reſort to the Churches with Piety. The Merchants pray to God to proſper their Trade; it is only the Nobles and Great Ones who go thither to divert themſelves, to Talk and to make Love: and ſometimes you may ſee People there in Boots, forgetting the reſpect which the Mahometans have, who before they enter into their *Moſquées*, leave their Shoes at the Door.

Their Dreſs.

Tho' the People are *long liv'd*, yet there's ſcarce any *old Folks* to be ſeen. The Men wear no Beard, nor their own Hair; they take care to cover the Flaws of Time with other People's Hair, which gives 'em perpetual Youth.

Since Perriwigs have been receiv'd, the Heads of the *Dead* and of the *Women* are ſold at a great rate; thus, the Sepulchres and the Women furniſh the fineſt Ornament for the Heads of the Men.

Every body dreſſes with a World of Finery. *Ribbands*, *Lace*, and *Looking-glaſſes*

glaſſes are three things without which the *French* cannot live. Gold and Silver is become ſo common, as I've ſaid before, that they ſhine upon the Habits of all Degrees of Perſons, and immoderate Luxury has confounded the Maſter with the Servant, and the Scum of the People with thoſe of the moſt exalted Condition. All the World here wear Swords, and *Paris* reſembles the *Utopia* of Sir *Thomas More*, *where there is no diſtinction of Perſons.*

It is the Country of Pleaſure, Lovers are not troubl'd with ſighing, Jealouſie torments no body. The Soldiers go to be kill'd for Diverſion, and the Afflicted never appear in publick.

Muſicians are in ſo great Number, that if you begin from the greateſt Lady to the meaneſt Servant-wench, and from the nobleſt Cavalier to the loweſt Lacquey, every one ſacrifices to *Orpheus*, that is to ſay, every one ſings, and more in publick Places and Gardens, than in private Houſes; they laugh at the Philoſopher, who obſerves in his Politicks, *That the Poets never made* Jupiter *Sing, as if Singing was unworthy of a God.*

As

As all things are dear at *Paris*, it extends even to the *Dead*, who pay a Duty to obtain burial, ſo that a Man in his laſt Hours is leſs perplex'd about *Dying*, than about paying the Doctor who kills him, or the Curate who buries him.

The Academies.

Men of Learning are here as numerous as *Ignoramus*'s at *Conſtantinople*. There are ſeveral *Academies*, where Men of Senſe go to diſcourſe. The two moſt Famous are, that *De la Langue Françoiſe*, and that *Des Sciences*. The laſt is compos'd of ſeveral Philoſophers more enlighten'd than the Ancients, and who diſcover every Day new Myſteries in Nature : The other is a Society of ſublime Wits, who teach the Beauties of the *French* Tongue, and who have made this Nation the moſt Eloquent in the World. The Univerſity alſo is a celebrated Academy, where Youth is exerciſed in the Principles of Things natural; and the *Sorbonne*, a Famous Seminary, where Theologie

Theologie teaches to ſpeak of the Myſteries of Religion, and 'tis from thence ariſe the Firſt Men of *Europe*, for Learning and for Virtue.

Chymiſts.

I have heard it ſaid, there are as many *Chymiſts* here as *Cooks*; they draw nothing from their Art but uſeleſs Knowledge. They are reckon'd between 5 and 6000, who will be unfortunate enough to receive only *Smoke* from their Labours and Aſſiduity, the common Recompence given to the Adherents of an Art rich in Hopes, liberal in Promiſes, and ingenious for Trouble and Fatigue, whereof the beginning is *Lying*, the middle is *Labouring*, and the end is *Begging*.

The Bookſellers, &c.

The Bookſellers and Printers hold the firſt Place among the Arts Mechanic; there is not a City in the World where are ſeen more new Books, and

where the Difficulty of getting Printed is greater.

Many Perſons write upon Subjects, Noble and Curious, but they are almoſt all of 'em poor. Morality is chiefly the Taſt of the *French*, they write of it with a great deal of Politeneſs. They tranſlate alſo and print many Books, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian* and *Spaniſh*, a certain ſign of the Poverty of Authors, of the Wealth of Bookſellers, and of the great Fruit produced from the Applications of Men of Learning. Bookſellers enrich themſelves without underſtanding the Books they ſell, and 'tis of them *Quevedo* ſpeaks, *That they are tormented in the other World for other Men's Works.*

Every thing that heart can wiſh, is to be had at *Paris*, and that too in an inſtant. And there's no Invention produced for taſting all the Pleaſures of Life, but it is put in practice. The *Peripatetics* and *Stoics* never labour'd ſo much upon the *Reformation* of Manners as *French Cooks* upon the ſatisfaction of the Belly. Always new Sawces, and *Ragoûts* unknown ; and fatigu'd with eating ordinary

ordinary Meats, they have found the way of diſſolving the bare Bones of Animals, and then making of 'em delicious Foods.

The Bread is good, white, well made; and a ſingle Loaf is ſometimes big enough to glut a Family many Days, which gave occaſion to a pleaſant Fellow to ſay, *That if the cuſtom of making ſuch great Loaves had been in* Judea *at the time of the* Meſſias, *the* 5000 Jews *who were fill'd, wou'd have wonder'd more at the* Oven *than the* Miracle.

Yet in this Place ſo repleniſh'd, *He that hath nothing ſhall have nothing*, that is to ſay, Water and Fire are forbid to thoſe who have no Money, as they were to Criminals in the time of the *Romans*.

I don't think there's a more terrible Hell upon Earth than to be poor at *Paris*, and to ſee one's ſelf continuall *ſurrounded* with all ſorts of Pleaſures without having it in One's Power to *taſte* any.

In the midſt of this Plenty are found an infinite Number of poor Wretches begging Alms with a Tone of ſinging;

they are ſeen frozen with cold in Winter, and in Spring they preſent Flowers to excite Compaſſion.

There is no credit given to Enchantments or Sorcerers, and ſcarcely to Demoniacks.

Their Gallantry, &c.

Adultery here paſſes for *Gallantry*, in the Opinion ev'n of the *Husbands*, who quietly ſee Love made to their Wives; and they are in the right of it. It is a great Folly in our jealous-pated *Italians*, *to plant Honour in a Veſſel ſo weak.*

They ſell every thing here, except *The Art of keeping a Secret.* The *French* ſay, It is the Trade of a Confeſſor, and that for their Part they keep no ſilence but of things indifferent, which are not confided to them, and whereof they find no itch to ſpeak.

Their

Their Civility.

Civility is more ſtudy'd in *France* than in the Kingdom of *China*. It is practis'd with a great deal of Grace among Perſons of Quality. The Citizens pretend to it, but *affectedly*; and the common People come off with it *groſsly*. Every one makes to himſelf an Art of it after his own manner. There are Maſters who teach Ceremonies, and not long ago I met in the Street a Woman handſome enough, who offer'd to ſell me ſome Compliments, and to let me have 'em cheap. This Woman goes to Houſes, diſplays her Merchandiſe, and gets a Living.

Strangers are belov'd. They come from all Parts of the World to ſee the *King, who is a Prince perfectly well made, and of equal Accompliſhments.* They enjoy at the ſame time all the Pleaſures, which can flatter the Senſes, except the *Smell*. The *King* not *loving* ſweet Smells, *every body* is under a neceſſity of *hating 'em*. The Ladies affect to

ſwoon away at the ſight of a Flower. Thus Perſons, the moſt delicate, refuſe to take any ſatisfaction in Perfumes, which we *Italians* are ſuch perfect Lovers of, and which the *Spaniards*, and all the Nations of *Aſia* eſteem ſo precious. Being depriv'd of this Pleaſure, we are continually ſuffocated with the ſtench of the Streets and Common-ſewers, which might *carry the Ship of* Ptolomy.

There are ſeveral Maſters who teach Foreign Languages. The *Italian* and *Spaniſh* are the moſt Modiſh of all others, and have the moſt Followers: The *Ladies* eſpecially, curious of underſtanding theſe two Tongues, and of ſpeaking them, are not ſparing of their pains, and have ſucceſs. The Hiſtories of the *Times*, and the *Great Events of the World*, are wrote here with a great deal of *Delicateſſe*: There are alſo repreſented upon the Almanacks all the Battles fought and Towns taken, and all the conſiderable Actions which happen upon Sea, and Land and care is taken to embelliſh the Repreſentation

preſentation with ſeveral Deviſes and agreeable Figures.

The Fair of St. Germain.

They keep every Year in *Lent* a famous Fair, call'd *La Foir St. Germain.* It is in a great Place fill'd with Shops, where an infinite Number of Merchants ſet out all the fineſt and richeſt Goods that are made in this Great City. There are to be had alſo all ſorts of Liquors, Wines and Sweetmeats, and the richeſt Furniture. All the Town goes thither, but rather to *divert* themſelves than to *buy* any thing.

The *ſubtileſt* Lovers, *handſomeſt* Ladies, and *ſlyeſt* Pick-pokets make a continual Croud there. There's no *ſtealing of Hearts, nor cutting of Purſes,* but is committed in this Fair. And as the Concourſe is always great and perpetual, there happen Adventures ſingular enough for *Robery* and *Galantry.* The Purſes undergo the ſame Lot with *Pythagoras's Souls, they paſs from*

from one to another by an inviſible Tranſmigration.

Formerly the *King* went thither, but now he goes no more. The Principal Diverſion is at Night, where a World of Lights rang'd in all the Shops, render the Fair more brillant and more magnificent, *hide more eaſily the Faults in the Ladies Faces*, and give to the other Pleaſures a more agreeable and more delicious Reliſh.

The Lamps.

The Invention of illuminating *Paris* during the Night-time, by an infinite number of Lamps, ſhould invite the moſt diſtant Nations to come and ſee what the *Greeks* and *Romans* never thought of in the *Polity* of their *Republicks.*

The Lights enclos'd in Lanthorns of Glaſs, hung in the Air, and at an equal diſtance, are in admirable Order; they ſet them all up at the ſame time, and they ſhine the whole Night. This Spectacle is ſo *fine*, and ſo *well underſtood*

ſtood, that *Archimedes* himſelf, if he were living, could add nothing more agreeable and more uſeful. Theſe nocturnal Fires are of mighty benefit to all People, they contribute to the Publick Safety, as well as ſeveral Troops of Men, ſome afoot, and others a Horſe-back, who patroul all the Night thro' the City, to prevent Murthers, Robberies, &c. that us'd to be committed formerly under ſhelter of the Dark: Which makes *Paris*, (bate but the terrible Noiſe of it) the moſt *delightful ſafeſt* City in the Univerſe.

The Tuilleries.

I return to the famous Garden of the *Tuilleries*, the Charms whereof extend ev'n to the *Blind*, who go thither to walk every day in Summer.

As it is made for the Pleaſure of a Great People, *Art* has done all its Endeavours to render it worthy of the infinite Number of *conſiderable Perſons* who frequent it; of the great many *fine Ladies* who adorn it, and an extream

tream abundance of *good Sort of People* who are always walking in it.

Entrance is forbid to *Foot-boys* and *the Rable* : It is very ſpacious, and almoſt capable of containing *great Part* of the People, (if they came at the ſame time) ſituated on the Margin of the *Sein*, the Proſpect whereof, with the riſing Grounds, and neighbouring Countries, augment its Beauty and its Charms. The grand *Allées* cover'd with a world of Trees, which yield nothing but Shade, invite People to walk, and when they are weary'd, there are Seats in all Places with *Stages*, *Labyrinths*, and *Green Plots of Freſh Graſs*, to retire to for an agreeable Solitude.

There you may ſee diſplay'd in Attire every thing that Extravagance can invent, the *moſt tender and the moſt touching*.

The Ladies in Faſhions *ever new*, with their Adjuſtments, their Ribbons, their Jewels, and agreeable manner of dreſſing, in Stuffs of Gold and Silver,

ver, declare the continual Applications of their Magnificence.

The Men, for their Parts, as vain as the Women, with their *Feathers* and their *Fair Wigs*, come hither to ſeek to pleaſe and to take Hearts, but they're often taken themſelves, there being no want of *Diana*'s to charm the *Endymions*. In this Place ſo pleaſant, they rally, they talk of Love, of News, of Buſineſs, and of War. There's Deciding, Criticiſing, Diſputing, Deceiving one another, and diverting the whole World. You ſee there in Spring ſeveral ſorts of Flowers, and in Summer the Nightingales ſeem to have choſen it the place of their abode, and with their ſounding Voice they ſing their Loves and their Complaints. There's no ſad-looking Faces, no lamentable Diſcourſe; all quiet and remote from Noiſe.

I fancy 'twas this charming Garden *Armida* made uſe of to diſarm her *Rinaldo* in, and to put him into her Chains. This fine Place is maintain'd at the King's Charge, and no Care is

forgot to make it agreeable : The King has appointed a Governour to it, with a great many ſubordinate Officers. The Gates are always guarded : And if there were a greater quantity of Water, and ſome fine Marble Statues, the Eye would meet with more Satisfaction, and have nothing elſe to wiſh for.

The Abbots, &c.

I have never ſeen ſo many Abbots, and who more willingly wear the ſhort Coat, the little Collar, and the fair Wig : In truth, they are the Ornament of *Paris*, and the Refuge of afflicted Ladies ; as they have the Spirit of Gallantry, their Converſation is more agreable and more deſir'd. I have found among 'em Perſons the moſt Obliging, the moſt Civil, and the moſt Secret. it were to be wiſht that the great Number of Abbots was leſſen'd, by excluding from this rank all thoſe who had their Abbys in the *Conclave of the Moon, and the imaginary World.*

Tho'

Tho' the Men are laborious and ingenious in their Art, yet the Women do half the Work.

The handſomeſt keep the Shop, to draw in Cuſtomers ; as they are extremely well dreſt, and their Voice and Words harmonious, they never fail, as I've ſaid, to get all our Money, *tho' one has no deſire to buy.*

The Quacks.

Upon the *Pont-neuf* you meet a world of People giving out Bills, ſome for replacing fall'n Teeth, others for making Glaſs-Eyes ; there are ſome who are for curing Diſtempers incurable. This pretends to have diſcover'd the hidden Virtue of ſome Stones in Powder to whiten and beautify the Face : That man aſſures he reſtores Youth to Old-age. There are who get wrinkles out of the Forehead and Eyes, who make wooden Legs to repair the violence of the Bombs.

In fine, all the World here has ſo ſtrong, ſo continual an application to work, that the Devil can't tempt any body, but on *Holidays* and *Sundays*.

Since the *French* have found the Secret of impenetrable Skins, they laugh at Shipwrecks. The time is come, of walking upon the Sea, and upon the Rivers with ſafety, and *without the help of* Elias's *Cloak*. A Man clad in theſe Skins, is born upon the Water without wetting; and this Experiment has been ſeen ſo often upon the River it is no longer heeded.

The Liberty of Paris, *&c.*

Wou'd you paſs for a Man of Worth at *Paris* for ſix Months and no more, and afterwards live like a Rake? *Shift your Quarters, and no body ſhall know you.*

Wou'd you live in Cognito all your Life? *Go lodge in a Houſe, where there's eight or ten Families, he that lies the neareſt*

to

to you ſhall be the laſt Man that knows who you are.

Does the Toy take ye in the Head, to Day to be cover'd with Gold, and to Morrow in a dark Frize ? No body will heed it, *and you may walk about the City dreſt either like a Prince or a Miſer.*

I ſaw one Sunday, in a ſingle Pariſh, ſixty five Marriages *committed.*

'Tis ſaid there are in this City 4,000 Venders of Oyſters ; that there is eaten every Day, 1, 500 large Beeves, and above 16, 000 Muttons, Veals, or Pigs, beſides a prodigious quantity of Wild-Fowl, *&c.* The People expend a Million yearly to divert themſelves at the Muſick, Theatres, and Comedies. There are reckon'd 50, 000 Houſes, in each of which, the Families are ſo numerous, that they lodge from the *Garret* to the *Cellar.* There are 500 great Streets, beſides a World of ſmall ones, 10 Squares, ſeveral Market-places, 17 Gates, 9 Bridges, with as many *Faux-bourgs* (Suburbs) and above

above 30 Hoſpitals. There are ſeen a great number of Churches, Colledges, ſeveral fine Libraries publick and private, and abundance of Cabinets rich and curious, adorn'd with Medals, Paintings, *&c.* and fill'd with the greateſt Rarities in *Europe*.

It is not the Cuſtom here to lend any thing, and 'tis ſometimes a ſort of an affront to offer Money, and to borrow it.

They never offer Lodging in their Houſes to Strangers nor ev'n to Friends.

There is in each Quarter a kind of Juſtice of the Peace, who is call'd *Comiſſaire*, and decides upon the Spot certain ſmall Conteſts, and prevents Noiſe and Quarrels.

Thoſe who are not *French* cannot endure to ſee the Men comb themſelves publickly in the Streets, and the Women carrying always a Mirror in their Hand, and to go maskt all the Year.

The

The Young-men divert themſelves at all the Exerciſes of the Body, and eſpecially at Tennis, in a Place ſhut up and cover'd; the Old-men paſs their time at Dice, Cards, and in telling News; and the Ladies game more than the Men: They make alſo a World of Viſits, and are Aſſiduous at all the Comedies.

What one meets with moſt commonly at *Paris*, are,

Words without number giv'n and never kept: Favours received, which they take a pleaſure in forgetting: Abundance of mad Folk in the Streets, and ſome few ſhut up.

But what is rarely ſeen, is Modeſty and diſcretion; theſe belong only to the Idle, the Sober, and the Aged: It is alſo difficult to meet with any Timorous and Scrupulous among 'em.

But what is never ſeen, and which is moſt of all to be deſired, is, Repoſe, Secrecy, and a True Friend.

As

As for what remains; *Chocolate, Tea, and Coffee*, are extreamly in faſhion, but *Coffee* has the preference of the other two, *as a Remedy which they ſay is ſovereign againſt Sadneſs.*

Thus, not long ſince, a certain Lady hearing that her Husband was kill'd in Battle — *Ah miſerable Wretch that I am!* (crys ſhe) *Quick, bring me ſome Coffee*—— And ſhe was immediately comforted.

The Mode.

I was afraid t'other Day they had left off eating of Bread. The Fellow who went out to buy ſome, comes and tells me, That *Roll-Bread*, which I loved, was quite out of Faſhion.

It is this ſame *Faſhion*, my Friend, that is the true *Dæmon*, always tormenting this People. Ev'n to that degree, they don't love the Women as they us'd to do, and the Looſeſt of 'em wou'd

wou'd look upon a *Tender Engagement* as a Crime.

One while they wore ſuch diminutive Cravats, they were ſcarce diſcernable ; now they're ſpread about the Neck from whence they hang, like *Bolonia-Sauſages*, down to the Middle.

They wear no more *Swords*, but *Cymetars*.

The *Bolonia-Dogs* are now laid aſide, as ugly, and unſupportable ; and none are Careſt but thoſe with the Snout of a Wolf and cut Ears; and the more they are *deform'd*, the more are they honour'd with *Kiſſes and Embraces*.

Perrukes muſt follow the Mode to be ſure.

They us'd to be made *à la Françoiſe* ; then, *à l' Eſpagnole* ; and now, *la Bourgogne*.

Little Watches have been in requeſt ; now they are ridiculous, and the largeſt are moſt Modiſh.

I have heard ſay too, They have left off Compliments in Letters, and a new Mode introduc'd, which is, to ſeal, not only with One Seal, but with Three, for fear of offending againſt Civility.

My dear Friend,

Let us heartily pray to God, to give this Brave Nation the Spirit of Peace, and to grant that the *Martial Fury* which ſo much diſorders them, may change into a *Salutary Temper*, and cauſe Peace and Tranquility to return again throughout all *Europe.*

Some

Some further

REMARKS

Upon the

FRENCH,

THEIR

Authors, Preachers, &c.

By a French *Gentleman.*

IT may be ſaid of the *French*, that they ſeem to be the only People who conſider the ſhortneſs of Life, for they do ev'ry thing in ſo much haſte, *as if they were perſwaded they had but a Day to live.* Their *Promptitude* proceeds from their *Vivacity*; there's not a *ſtupid* Soul among them. It is this ſame Vivacity

which makes 'em Furious at the firſt Onſet, Impatient in Amour, Changeable in their Modes, Penetrating in the Sciences, Agreeable in Repartees, Open in Revenge. Thoſe who don't know 'em thoroughly, take this Vivacity for Folly; but *Charles* the Vth, who had time and occaſion to know 'em, could not forbear doing 'em Juſtice, when, comparing them with the *Italian* and *Spaniards*, who paſs for a People no leſs *Prudent* than *Crafty*, he us'd to ſay, *The* Italian *is Wiſe and appears ſo*; *the* Spaniard *ſeems Wiſe and is not ſo*; *but the* French *are Wiſe without appearing ſo.* A conceal'd Wiſdom is as valuable as any. The *Penetration* of the *French* goes farther in *Diſcovering*, than *Diſſimulation* does in *Concealing*.

The greateſt Part of the Women are more jealous of their *Beauty* than their *Honour*; and ſhe who hath need of a whole Morning to perfect her Charms, would be more concern'd to be ſurpriz'd at her *Toilette*, than with a *Gallant*. I don't at all wonder at it, the firſt Virtue in the Women's Philoſophy,

phy, is *to pleaſe*; and to pleaſe the Men, Beauty is a more certain means than Wiſdom.

Francis Iſt. To rally an ancient Lady, who had been very beautiful, askt her, *How long 'twas ſince ſhe had left the Country of Beauty? Sir,* (anſwer'd ſhe) *I came thence the ſame Day you return'd from* Pavia, thereby reproaching him with the Diſgrace he receiv'd when he was made Priſoner by the *Spaniards* before that Place. A Man muſt be as Powerful and Formidable as a King, to dare to tell a Woman *She is not handſome*, and not to fear her Reſentments. The Women hear no Raillery upon *that* Subject. And do they not ſeem to have reaſon to expect at any rate to be thought Handſome, ſince that's all the Men have left 'em? For, they have no Government, no abſolute Authority, no Cure of Souls, no Power in the Church, no poſſeſſion of Offices, no admittance into Secrets, no application to Sciences. The *Athenians* wou'd not ſuffer 'em to market for any thing beyond the worth of a Peck of Peaſe. Nay, it ſeems as if common

common Senſe wou'd be deny'd 'em too, by our ridiculing 'em when they offer at it, with the Names of *She-Wits*, *Wou'd-be-Wits*, *Finical*, *Affected*, *Preciſe*, &c. Let us therefore leave 'em *Beauty*, and if they have no ſuch thing, let us at leaſt leave 'em in the Pleaſure of Believing they have.

A Digreſſion.

THE *Spaniards* have in their Manners the Seeds of Cruelty, which they hold of the *Arabians* and *Moors*, who are mixt with 'em. They hold alſo of the *Moors* their Extravagancy, and the Spirit of Chivalry. There remains to 'em alſo ſomething of the Gravity of the *Romans*, of whom they anciently receiv'd Colonies in their Country.

The *French* have nothing now of the Ferocity of the *Gauls*. Gallantry with them is mixt with Bravery; and within an Age or two, they have refin'd

fin'd themſelves very much by their Commerce with their Allies.

The *Engliſh* ſtill retain ſomething of the Roughneſs of the ancient People of the *North*, which they ſoften a little by their Travels into *Italy* and *France*.

The *Dutch* quit their natural Groſſneſs, by trading with other Nations, and by the Converſe of Learned Foreigners who come to ſettle with 'em.

The *Italians* have inherited of the ancient *Romans* Politeneſs and Fineneſs of Spirit; and have taken from the *Greeks* their Corruption of Manners, Lying and Cheating.

The *Germans* are the only People of all *Europe*, who have remain'd the moſt in their Conſtitution without any Change. They have yet the Strength and Courage of their Anceſtors: Their Heavineſs of Soul joyn'd to invincible Labour, which appears principally in the Exerciſe of Sciences and Letters.

The

The *Dutch* in general, may be compar'd to their own Turf, which is long in kindling, and muſt not be hurry'd; but when once kindled, keeps its Fire.

The *French* are extreamly given to Swearing and Curſing, eſpecialy the meaner Sort, and exceed ev'n the *Scotch* in their variety of Oaths and Execrations.

A Man of Quality, in *France*, had a Coachman, a great Swearer, but in truth, more thro' *Habit* than *Malice*.

This Coachman had accuſtom'd his Horſes ſo much to his Oaths, that they wou'd ſtand ſtock ſtill when he ſpoke any other Language. The Mr. had taken notice of him, and chid his Coachman ſeverely; the Fellow was amaz'd at a Fault he did not believe himſelf guilty of, and, *The Devil fetch him if he ever ſwore, and that it was ſome Pick-thank or other, G—d d——n him who had rais'd that Report of him to do him a diskindneſs*——— As one Warning did not ſuffice to correct a long Habitude, he was told of it ſe-

veral

veral times, and at laſt was made to agree that he did ſwear *ſometimes*, and his Maſter was upon the point of turning him away. The *Coachman* began to refrain from *Swearing*, and the *Horſes* from *Working*. In ſhort, one Day that his Maſter was invited to a Ceremony of making a Vow, there was a Friend of mine (an Officer) invited alſo. The Ceremony being ended, there was a great number of Coaches at the Church-door. The Maſter and Officer having got into theirs, the Devil a bit wou'd the Horſes ſtir. At length the Coachman weary with *Tapping*, turn'd towards his Maſter, *Sir*, ſays he, *if I don't ſwear I'm ſure you muſt lie here to Night, for by G—d the Horſes will as ſoon be damn'd as*—— No ſooner was the Word out of his Mouth, but away flew the Horſes with the Coach, and, I think overturn'd two or three others that ſtood in their way.

In *France*, as in *England*, Council is ſometimes allow'd to Criminals to defend 'em.

A Fellow was taken one day in the Great-Hall, cutting a Purſe. The Court gave him an Advocate to ſerve him for Council : The Advocate goes to him, and taking him aſide, *Hark ye me*, ſays he, *is it true that you have been cutting a Purſe here? It is true Sir*, ſays he, *But, Hold your peace*, (replys the Advocate) *the beſt Council I can give you, is, to get away hence as faſt as you can.* The Fellow took his Advice, you may be ſure. The Advocate returns to the Bar, and the Judge asking him what he had to ſay in defence of the Criminal. *Sir*, ſays he, *the poor Wretch confeſſing his Crime, and not being committed to cuſtody, and the Court having appointed me his Council, I thought it moſt adviſable for him to make the beſt of his way out of Court, which he did without demurring.* It ſerv'd for Laughter and there was nothing to be ſaid againſt the Advocate. The Court ſhould have committed him to the Tip-ſtaves, and they to prevent his eſcape.

The Court of the *Kings of France* is perpetually crowded, at all Times and almoſt at all Hours. The Courts of other Princes of *Europe* are only full on Holidays and extraordinary Ceremonies, or at the Holding of the States, *&c.*

It is true there is a confuſion in the Court of *France*, and that it is a perfect Hubbub, where the Great and the Small, thoſe who have buſineſs, and thoſe who have none are found *pêle mêle*. *Fran.* I us'd to ſay, *That when the Great Men of his Kingdom arrived at Court, they were received like little Kings; that the next Day they were lookt upon as Princes; but afterwards they were no more conſider'd than plain Gentlemen, being confounded with others in the multitude of Courtiers.* It is pretended, to proceed upon Politics, not to *authorize* too much the Great Ones of the Kingdom, and that it was upon this ground *Henry* the IVth ſpoke aloud, and in preſence ev'n of the Princes of the Blood, *We are all of us Gentlemen.*

Preachers.

THE Preachers of the 16th Century, affected to Cough, as a thing that gave a Grace to their Declamations. *Olivier Maillard*, who was a *Cordelier*, and preach'd with reputation, has not omitted in a *French* Sermon printed at *Bruges*, towards the Year 1600, to mark in the Margin with, *hem, hem*, the places where he cough'd.

The Abbot *Boiſrobert*, us'd to ſay, That an able Preacher ought to know *to Cough, to Spit, and to Sneeze* à purpoſe; for that it was ſometimes a great help to diſcourſe at a Dead-lift.

I remember a certain Preacher ſo great a Lover of Ceremony, that he never quoted any Father of the Church without giving them the Quality of *Monſieur*, as *Monſier Auſtin*, *Monſieur Chryſoſtum*, which occaſion'd one to ſay, *It was a ſign the Preacher had not made the Fathers of the Church* familiar *to him*.

Another

Another Preacher at *Orleans*, a young Man, of a good Mien, who had a Voice of Thunder, a noble Geſture, and all the other Graces of Declamation which charms the Auditors and keeps 'em attentive, being mounted in the Pulpit, and feeling for his Notes, found he had forgot to bring 'em: To deſcend, had been ſhameful; to undertake to ſpeak, he had nothing to ſay. *What to do in theſe Extremities?* He reſolves to ſtand buff, and to exerciſe his Lungs and Limbs, without pronouncing any thing but Words that were imperfect, or disjoynted, ſuch as, *But if*, *Wherefore*, *Paſs we on*, *Moreover My Beloved*, *In fine*, &c.

Never did Preacher appear to have more Zeal, he cry'd with all his Strength he made Exclamations, he thumpt with his Hands, and ſtampt with his Feet, every thing trembl'd under him, and the Roof of the Church, which was a vaſt one, eccho'd back the thunder of his Voice. The whole Auditory was in a profound Silence, each advanc'd his Head, and doubled his Attention to hear *what could not be heard.*

heard. Thoſe who were near the Pulpit, ſaid, *We are too near, there's no Medium for hearing.* Thoſe who were at a diſtance, complain'd, *That by being ſo far off, they loſt the fineſt things in the World.* In ſhort, our young *Sham-Text* held his Audence three Quarters of an Hour by the Ears after this manner, and retir'd with the Appauſe of the whole Aſſembly, who made great promiſes to themſelves of making better choice of their Places next time, *Not to be depriv'd of the Fruit of ſuch a Sermon.*

So in *London*, the Porch of a Church I have ſeen crowded with People ſighing and ſobbing at what I'm ſure it was impoſſible to hear one Word of. *Crede quod habes, & habes.* 'Tis *Opinion* governs the World in all things, not only in *Religion*, but *Politics.* And for this I remember a Story of a certain Gentleman who had follow'd Cardinal *Mazarin* a long time for Preferment, and was in much eſteem with him too, but without ever bettering his Circumſtances: The Cardinal every Day making large Promiſes of

what

what he wou'd do for him, and the like. One Day he ſhew'd his Sowerneſs to the Cardinal, for not ever ſeeing any Effects of theſe Promiſes.

The Cardinal unwilling to loſe the Man's Friendſhip, calls him into his Cloſet, and after endeavouring to perſwade him *of the neceſſity he had been under till then of beſtowing Favours to certain Perſons, neceſſary for the Good of the State*, he promis'd to be mindful of him the next opportunity. The Gentleman who made no great account of his Promiſes, bethought himſelf, in lieu of all recompence, to beg leave to clap his Eminence upon the Shoulder now and then *with an Air of Friendſhip*, before any body; which the Cardinal granted, and in two or three Months time the Gentleman ſees himſelf loaded with Riches, only to give his Aſſiſtance with his Eminence, who for all that, granted him nothing but what he wou'd ha' done to any body elſe, and made himſelf merry with him at the Folly of thoſe who paid ſo dear for his Protection. Men are all Cullys; Fancy puts a value upon Things the moſt Common. He that knows how to

give

give himſelf an *Air of Importance*, and *to ſet off his Ware*, may rate the Market as he liſteth, and ſhall find Fools enough to give him his Price.

Their Authors, &c.

IT is a good Token of the Progreſs of Letters in a Country, when there happen at the ſame time ſeveral Authors to be Originals, which ſerve for a Pattern to others.

In *France* within an Age, *Balſac* is an Original for Purity and Neatneſs of Language, and choice of Words.

D' Ablancour, is an Original for Free Tranſlations, ſticking cloſer to the *Senſe* of Authors than to their *Words*. *Vaugelas* is an Original in his manner of handling the things of Grammar. *Chapelain*, in his Judgment of *Cid*, is an Original for Criticiſm.

M. Peliſſon

Mr. *Peliſſon*, is an Original for *Fine Prefaces*, which are become faſhionable in this Age. He is alſo an Original in his Hiſtory of the *French* Academy, which (perhaps) will never have a Continuator of like Merit.

The Duke of *Rochefoucault* is an Original for Memoirs of the Times, as alſo for the Turn and Expreſſion which is required in Reflections and Maxims of Morality.

Cardinal d'*Oſſat* is an Original for Letters of Buſineſs and Polites. *Des Cartes* for Letters of Erudition. *Paſcal* for Letters of Critique and fine Raillerie. *Voiture* for Letters of Gallantry. *Buſſi Rabutin*, and his Relation Madam *de Sevigné*, for familiar Letters. *Furetieres* is an Original for Allegorical Hiſtory, correcting Manners *en ſe jouant*, between jeſt and earneſt. Abbot *de Villars*, or Count *dé Gabalis*, is an Original for Dialogue. *Malherbe* is an Original for Poetry, principally for Stanzas. *Corneille* and *Racine* are Originals for Tragic Poems. *Moliere* for Comic. *Quinault* for Opera's or Song-Poetry. *Fontaine* for Nature and Simplicity of Fable. *Voiture* and *Saraſin* for Gallant and Eaſie Poetry.

Deſpreaux (*Boileau*) is an Original for *Satyr purg'd from the Obſcenities of the Ancients.*

We have not in our Tongue any Original Authors either for *Great Bodies of Hiſtory*, nor for Publick Actions in the *Pulpit* or at *Bar*, nor for *Epic Poems*, nor for *Ode* in its Prefection upon the Texture of the ancient Poets. We have Original Authors who being *abandonnéz*, ought not to ſerve for Model to any body. *Scarron* is an Original for Burleſque, *but Burleſque has loſt its Credit. Regenier* is an Original for Satyr; *but its Impurities ought not to be copy'd. Theophile* is an Original for Invention and Poetic Fire: *But wanting Conduct and Judgment, he ſhou'd not be follow'd. Balzac* is an Original in his Letters; *but as he never cou'd reach that true kind of Writting, 'tis long ſince he had Copyers. Cyrano de Bergerac* is an Original in his particular *Style, but this Style is driven too far, and his Extravagancies have made him ridiculous.*

There are lucky Seaſons for Writing. Perhaps if *Montagne* had come later, and in this Age, he would have *ſhone* leſs. Few People in his time apply'd themſelves to write in our Tongue. It muſt be

be confeſt however, that *Montagne* n his way is an Original ; and that the *Cavalier-Air* which he affects, is much of the *Taſte* of the *French*. This Air conſiſts in following his Fancy, rather than tying himſelf up to Principles moſt certain, from whence are drawn Conſequences ſtrongly follow'd. In this Humour a Man throws himſelf upon all ſorts of Subjects, *like a Plunderer*, and ſays at all adventures, every thing that comes to Thought, risking the good for the bad, and the bad for the good without too much adhering either to the *one* or the *other*. He talks of every thing, as if he talkt of nothing; and often of nothing as of ſomething very important. He *begins* a diſcourſe where he ſhou'd *finiſh* it ; he leaves off in the *Middle*, and then takes it up again, ſometimes at the *Head*, and ſometimes by the *Tail*. He ſays nothing of what he promis'd to ſay, and often ſays quite another thing from what he thought. The moſt general Rule in this kind of Writing, is, *to have no rule at all*, and the greateſt affectation, is, *to affect nothing*. A Philoſopher of this Strain ſpeaks ingeniouſly of himſelf, his Vices and his Virtues. He ſpeaks of other

People without reſerve, or evaſion. He calls every thing by its Name. There's very little Modeſty, and a great deal of Negligence; but the Writer troubles not his Head about it. His Philoſophy gives him *this Conſtancy*, or *this Indifference*. He neither *conſtrains himſelf nor any body elſe*. Religion do's n't perplex him; his Morality is eaſie; to hear him ſpeak, he ſticks not to Pleaſures, nor is he but lightly touched with Pain. He takes what offers it ſelf, and runs not after what *flys him*. *He lives as he underſtands, and dies as he can*; and that's all his Aim.

What's *beſt* in *Montagne*'s Eſſays, is *what he ſays of the Paſſions and Inclinations of Man*; what is the *leaſt*, is *the Learning, which is rambling, and very uncertain*; and what is *dangerous, are his Philoſophical Maxims*.

Of Mr. Corneille.

To ſee Mr. *de Corneille*, one wou'd not have taken him for a Man who cou'd make the *Greeks* and *Romans* ſpeak ſo well, and who gave ſo great a *Relievo* to the Sentiments and Thoughts of Heroes. The firſt time I ſaw him,

I took

I took him for a *Merchant of* * *Rouen*: His *outſide* had nothing to plead for his *in*; and his Converſation ſo heavy that it became burthenſome in never ſo little a time. A great Princeſs, who had a deſire to ſee him, and to diſcourſe him, ſaid very well, *That he ought not to be converſt with any where but in the* Hotel de Bourgogne, where there is enough of Company beſides.

Surely M. *De Corneille* was too negligent of himſelf, or to ſay better, *Nature who had been ſo liberal to him in Extraordinaries, had as it were forgot him in the moſt Common things.* When his familiar Friends (who would have been glad to have ſeen him perfect in every thing) would ſometimes tell him of theſe light Defects, he us'd to ſmile, and ſay, *I'm ne'ertheleſs* Peter Corneille *for all that.* He never ſpoke the *French* Tongue correctly; perhaps never troubled himſelf about this nicety; but perhaps too he never had *Force* enough to ſubmit himſelf to it. when he had compos'd a Work, he us'd to read it to Madam *Fontenelles*, his Siſter, who cou'd judge well of it. This Lady had a very juſt

* *The Place of his Birth.*

Taſte

Taſte of Wit. *Corneille's firſt* Plays were more *lucky* than *perfect*; the *laſt* were more *perfect* than *lucky*, and the *middlemoſt* have merited the Approbation and Praiſes which the Publick gave to the *Firſt*, more by *Senſe* than *Underſtanding*. The *Criticiſm* (which this excellent Poet hath made of his own Works) is *an Attempt upon himſelf*, which hath got him the Love and Eſteem of all Men of Honour. Such a Man as the Authour of *Moral Reflections*, who refers every good thing we do, to the Springs of Self-Love, would not fail to apply to him this Maxim, *That we confeſs ſmall Faults, only to make believe that we have not Great Ones.* But we muſt needs think *otherwiſe* of Monſieur *de Corneille*, who never conſulted *Self-Love*, when he ſet himſelf to the Exerciſe of Virtues, wherewith his Fair Soul was adorn'd.

In the laſt Age there were three Authors obſtinately bent upon writing in *kinds* to which their Genius was not at all adapted. *Balzac* ſpent his whole Life in writing *Letters*, whereof he cou'd never *catch* the true *Style*. *Chapelain* loſt all his time in making a *Bad Poem*. The Abbot *de Maroles* conſum'd himſelf in

making

making pitiful Tranſlations, nor cou'd the Advice of *Friends*, nor the Railleries and Cenſures of *Critics*, not ev'n that of Monſieur *l' Etang*, ever force from his Mind this curſed Paſſion. When the good Abbot was at a non-plus to turn any difficult Paſſages of Authors which he had in his Head, he us'd to write in the Margin theſe very Words, *Je n'ay point traduit cet endroit, parce qu'il eſt tres-difficile, & que je ne l'entendois pas. I have not tranſlated this place, becauſe it was very difficult, and I did not underſtand it.*

Every Wit hath its own *Style*, and *peculiar Grace*; and 'tis not a ſure Wager, That the ſame Man ſhall ſucceed in *one thing*, becauſe he ſucceeds in *another*.

Balzac had a particular Talent to imbelliſh our Tongue. *Chapelain* was a very able Ctitic; and the Abbot *de Maroles* had Genius enough to write *Memoirs*, which require only *Sincerity* and *Naturalneſs*: Thoſe he hath given to the Public, were well enough begun, and he wou'd have got Glory by 'em, if he had not gone and loſt himſelf in things of *nothing*, which neither *inſtruct* nor *delight* the Reader. He had in his Hands Peices of great Authority, drawn from the

the *Archives* of the Houſe of *Nevers*, whereof our Hiſtorians might have made good uſe, if he had pleas'd to have communicated them.

Beſides, when a Man has Succeſs in any Subject, he ought not to drive it too far. As *Grimaces* are made, and *Tears* drawn from the Eyes *by much laughing*, we alſo diſfigue our ſelves, and ceaſe to be pleaſant, by too much and too often endeavouring to appear ſo.

Bornons ici nôtre carriere.
Les longs Ouvrages me font peur.
Loin d'epuiſer une matiere,
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

But let us now ſtop our carrier,
Long Works are frightful. Ceaſe [we here,
Far from exhauſting any Theme,
Skim the Milk and take the Cream,

Is what Monſieur *de la Fountaine* ſaid in finiſhing his Firſt Volume of *Choice* Fables. Perhaps he had done well himſelf, *however fine his Talent was*, to have kept his own Precept, and not gone further.

FINIS.

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